

The Democratic Press.

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Where Liberty Dwells, there is my Country.

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THE PRESS

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TERMS CASH

POETRY.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Over at the hour when evening throws
Its gathering shades o'er hill and dale,
While half the scene in twilight glows,
And half in sunlight glories still;
The thought of all that we have been,
And hoped, and feared, on life's long way,
(Remembrances of joy and pain.)
Come mingling with the close of day.
But, soft o'er each reviving scene,
The chast'ning hues of Memory spread;
And smiling each dark thought between,
Hope softens every tear we shed.
O, then, when Death's long night comes on,
And its dark shades around us lie,
May parting beams from Memory's sun
Blend softly in our evening sky!

THE HORSE DETECTIVE.

BY DR. S. SMITH.

In the winter of 1886, I was stopping for a while with a planter friend, whose extensive cotton fields stretched along the west bank of the Boque Chitto, where that stream after traversing Pike county, in the State of Mississippi, crosses the State line into the Parish of Washington, Louisiana. The plantation lay wholly in the former State, but its southern limit was formed by the highway that led westward from the Pearl River to the Mississippi. This road lay directly on the surveyed boundary of the two States; so that two neighbors, meeting in their morning ride, could shake hands from their saddles, and each in his own State—the Mississippian and the Louisianian standing each on his own soil.

One morning business made it necessary for me to ride to Franklinton, the county town of Washington parish, and the weather being unusually fine, my friend proposed to accompany me there.

We had reached the State line road, along which our route lay for a little way, when, on nearing a thicket on the northern side of the path, our horses suddenly shied to the right, and evidencing great alarm, refused to pass the spot.

Dismounting, and throwing the rein of my horse over the pommel of my friend's saddle, I entered the thicket, to discover the cause of their unusual excitement.

I perceived in the dust of the road, the appearance of something heavy having been dragged through it in the direction of the bank of the bayou, and following this track into the dark shadow of the clump, I was horrified at the sight that met my eyes.

Before me lay the body of a large, well-dressed man, who had been most inhumanly murdered, for beside a pistol shot through the head, the throat was cut from ear to ear, and the embroidered vest and fine linen shirt bosom were slashed and dabbled with gouts of blood, from wide knife-wounds in the breast and side.

The man had but just been murdered, for on lifting one of the arms in my hasty examination, I observed that it was yet purple, and scarcely cold. Beside the body lay a pair of leather saddle-bags, which had been rifled, and portions of their contents were scattered about the ground.

My exclamation of horror at the bloody spectacle had attracted the notice of my friend, and hitting the animals, he was soon at my side.

He immediately recognized the man as Equire Hendricks, a lawyer of standing in one of the neighboring counties of Mississippi.

While occupied in the examination of the body and the surrounding locality, a violent snorting and tramping was heard close at hand, and my friend, leaving me for an instant, returned, leading by the broken bridle a noble and greatly excited animal, which he said was the horse of the murdered man.

He was a beautiful thorough-bred bay, known to every one in that portion of the country, and noted for his remarkable intelligence.

The horse, on being led to the spot, exhibited the utmost excitement, and trembling in every limb, almost fell to the ground with terror. As he stood thus, with his fore feet braced forward, his long neck and head stretched toward the mangled remains of his master, his mane standing almost on end, and his eyes glaring wildly from their sockets, like balls of fire, I thought he presented the most perfect and sublime picture of terror I had ever looked upon.

For a moment the faithful creature stood thus gazing upon the fearful sight, and then gradually approached the body, and after smelling it, as if to remove all lingering doubts of the identity, he

reached forward to one of the outstretched hands, as it lay, palm up, on the grassy ground, and licking it like an affectionate spaniel, evinced attachment and grief, and in a language stronger than words could ever have done.

Of course this painful discovery put an end to our journey to Franklinton for that day; and gathering up the scattered property of the murdered man, and leading the excited horse, we returned to my friend's plantation—calling on the way, upon the neighbors and imparting the startling news to them.

A cold-blooded murder like this, was a circumstance that had not agitated the community, of Boque Chitto for a long time; and Squire Hendricks being widely known, and deservedly popular, it created no small degree of excitement.

During the investigation that followed, it transpired that the lawyer was, at the time of death, in possession of a sum of money, which he had collected for a client; and on the morning of the murder, was taking it to the bank at Franklinton, to deposit, for the benefit of his employer. This money was missing, together with his gold watch. No doubt, of course, remained that the deed was perpetrated by a highwayman. But notwithstanding several suspicious persons were arrested, nothing was established against them, and they were discharged.

At length several weeks had passed away, and although the community were continually on the qui vive for the detection of the villain, the excitement in a great degree had subsided.

The month of March arrived, and I began to turn my thoughts northward; and in anticipation of the homeward journey, I had disposed of my horse. In consequence of this, I was for some time indebted to the courtesy of my friend for the use of the animal which had belonged to the murdered lawyer, still in the keeping of my friend.

One day during the Spring session of the Circuit Court of the county, I happened to visit the town; and stopping opposite the court house, to speak with my attorney, my horse, being well known as having been the property of Hendricks, naturally attracted considerable attention. All at once the horse sprang to one side with such force, as almost to throw me from the saddle and trampled upon the feet of some of his friends, and snorting loudly, seemed suddenly to be filled with terror.

As soon as I could recover my seat, I looked about the crowd for the cause of this extraordinary conduct. At this moment I perceived a person approaching, evidently to ascertain the cause of the gathering. I had frequently seen this man before, and knew he was the keeper of a dining saloon in the place. Though not a man much thought of, he was looked upon as an honest and harmless sort of a fellow.

This man came up, and as he drew near, the horse exhibited the most alarm; and snorting wildly, sprang, in spite of the rein, through the crowd, and trembling violently, endeavored to escape in an opposite direction. This strange behavior of the animal was remarked by all; and several voices exclaimed in the same breath:

"It's Bill Nevins! the horse's afraid of Bill Nevins!"

"By gracious!" cried another, "who knows but Bill, here, killed the lawyer? I say, old fellow, go up to the critter, and let him smell the blood on yer hands!"

From his first appearance, I had kept my eye upon this man; and no sooner had he caught sight of the horse, than I observed a peculiar expression on his face; and when the last words were uttered, a deadly pallor spread over his features, and he almost staggered, as he replied:

"Who says I killed lawyer Hendricks? It's a lie!"—and turning abruptly, he attempted to walk, with all the apparent nonchalance he could assume, in the direction of his saloon. As if an electric shock had struck me, the conviction of that man's guilt rushed upon my mind; and forcing the frightened animal across the court-house square, till I overtook him, I bent forward in my saddle and shouted in his ear:

"Bill Nevins! I say you murdered Squire Hendricks!"

Had a thunder bolt struck the guilty wretch, he could not have fallen more suddenly to the ground. He was not hardened in crime; and this abrupt accusation of murder overcame him.

A warrant for his arrest was immediately obtained; and he was conveyed to prison to await his trial at the next session of the Circuit Court in June; while I was required to remain in the county as a witness in the case.

It was a matter of doubt whether the murder was within the jurisdiction of the courts of Mississippi, or of those of the State of Louisiana; and the prisoner's counsel, it was hinted, would plead this question of venue in favor of their client.

The body of the murdered man was found on the western side of the road, and some little distance from it, and consequently within the territory of the State of Mississippi. This would be testified to by both my friend and myself; but, at the same time, it could be proven by the appearance of the dust of the road, that the body had evidently been dragged some distance, to the place where it was discovered, after the deed had been perpetrated. The vicinity had been thoroughly searched, as was supposed, and no evidence of the precise locality of the death scene had been detected, by which the venue could be established. In consequence of this it was feared that the guilty man would escape the clutches of the law.

Since the discovery of the murder, I had not had occasion to pass over the road where it had been perpetrated, having transacted my business at Franklinton, through the kindness of a friend. But a few days previous to that set for the trial of Nevins, I found it necessary to visit that town myself.

I started from my friend's plantation in company with several gentlemen of the neighborhood, so that we formed quite a company of horsemen. As usual, of late, I was mounted on the beautiful bay, which had been the property of the murdered lawyer; and it was on this occasion that the extraordinary intelligence of the animal led to the complete elucidation of the mystery of the murder.

When we reached the vicinity where the bloody act had been consummated, the animal began to exhibit the same symptoms of alarm he had shown on the former occasion, and at the court-house square, notwithstanding the horses of my companions evinced no signs whatever of the fear. We had passed the spot where the body of Hendricks had been discovered, when the horse, in spite of my guidance, dashed into the tangled thickets with me, and forcing his way through the grape vines and overhanging limbs, reached the roots of a large sweet-gum, when he stopped, and pawing the ground violently, exhibited signs of excessive agitation.

The gentlemen, as well as myself, having all confidence in the remarkable intelligence of the beautiful creature, we busied ourselves in examining the locality, convinced that this was the very scene of the killing of his master.

And such it proved; for one of my companions soon picked up a large, peculiarly shaped bowie knife, which was immediately recognized by several as having been in the possession of Bill Nevins shortly previous to the murder; while on the roots of the tree were found tangled masses of hair, of a color comparing exactly with that of the deceased.

These facts were sufficient, not only to prove the guilt of the prisoner, but also established the venue, thus making all the initiatory proceedings in the case in strict accordance with the forms and requirements of the law.

On the morning of the trial, I visited the prisoner in his cell, and stated the recent facts that had been developed against him, and conjured him, if he was really guilty, to confess the fact at once, and no longer attempt to stand out against the strong array of testimony that would establish his guilt.

As I have said before, the man was not a hardened criminal, this, doubtless, being the first crime he had ever been tempted to commit, and with terrible agitation, most fearful to look upon, and which I can never forget, the poor wretch made a clean bosom of it, and confessed to the murder.

He had become aware of the fact that Hendricks was in possession of a large sum of money, and also that he intended to deposit it at Franklinton, and secretly leaving Holmesville, he proceeded to the State line road to intercept him. Meeting his victim, to whom he was well known, by the roadside, he formed some pretext by which

he induced him to enter the thicket by the sweet-gum, where the bloody deed was consummated; and the robbery accomplished, he dragged the body to the spot where myself and my friend had found it.

Thus it was, that a noble and affectionate animal, with a wonderful intelligence, not only pointed out the murderer of his master, but the very spot where the terrible crime had been committed, thus being the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of retributive justice.

GOD WILLS IT.

THERE is a very common fatalism in Christendom, which is always brought to support every kind of iniquity, and that is—that God permits it. The argument is that of an old reprobate who, being caught in his hoary age sinning as hard as ever, remarks, with the utmost surprise,—"Why, I've always done so. I've been stealing and cheating for sixty years; and people have been stealing and cheating ever since the world began. Why on earth do you interfere with me? Are you wiser than God, and hasn't He always permitted it?"

Stated in this way the argument is ridiculously transparent; but no more so than it is in every other. Brigham Young can quote the nations that have encouraged polygamy—and God certainly permitted it, or there would have been no polygamy. History is full of lusts, murders, rapines, and tyranny. What then? Are these things good things? Is the fact that a crime has been committed a reason that it should continue to be committed? The great Teacher taught otherwise. That it was said by them of old time was not a reason with him. He told us that God can in no just sense be said to have permitted what is not according to perfect love and charity. God wills only what is right. If, therefore, anything is repudiated by the universal human instinct, God does not will it, though it be as venerable, universal, and easy, as lying.

LIFE'S CHIEF HAPPINESS.

Domestic happiness has intrinsic worth; it may be realized in poverty; it is internal; above the control of circumstances. Such happiness is a flower of paradise that has been suffered to stray beyond its walls, and though with us it does not bloom in original perfection, yet its blossoms, as we may gather them, are too lovely to leave us in doubt whether it is worth our culture. Of all earthly goods, this is Heaven's best gift to man. Whilst there is no other kind of joy that can compensate for its absence it may alike gladden the mud walls of the cabin, or shed vitality and warmth over the cold state of the palace. There is no condition of life to which it may not add untold price. Monarchs there have been who have heard the exulting shout of victory, have joined it for a moment, then only sighed; rebellious sons were a thorn in the heart whose rankling prick was felt to kill all joy. Merchants may have amassed their millions; their names may have been honored in various parts of the globe; but in a moment when success and security have attended some favorite scheme of hazardous enterprise, in all the bitterness of anguish the soul has whispered, "This is but mockery to him who would ask it to atone for the absence of domestic love."

Poets have lived whose brows have been wreathed by a fascinated nation but whose spirits have loathed the laurels, for thorns grew at home. But never monarch, merchant, nor poet found domestic bliss a joy too much. He who has once possessed it would not barter it for all on earth besides.

The Priest and the Sheriff.

An eccentric English divine was called upon to perform the funeral service of a dead debtor. After the ceremony was performed, and the body was on its way to the churchyard, the sheriff made a descent on the corpse, and attached it for debt, as by the then law of England he had the power to do.

"Move on," said the priest.

"This body is mine," said the sheriff.

"This body is God's," said the priest.

"In the King's name, I command you to lower the coffin," exclaimed the sheriff.

"Bury the man," shouted the infuriated priest, "and if the sheriff says three words, take him too. I've read the funeral service, and somebody shall be buried!"

Uncle William's Lectures.

LECTURE II.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—Permit me to talk to you this week about a little girl's resolutions.

"I mean to be very good to-day," said Lillie Summers to herself, one fine June morning, as she was dressing. "I will obey mamma; Miss Morton shall not have to complain of my idleness, and I will be kind to little Essie."

She here stopped, knelt at her bedside, and said her prayers hastily, neglecting to ask for the help of God to enable her to keep her resolutions.

When she had risen from her knees, the breakfast bell rang, so she went down stairs. After breakfast, Lillie looked over her lesson, and then went into a pretty little arbor that was in the garden, taking a story-book with her, intending to read until nine o'clock, when she would have to go into school. She had not been reading long, when her little sister Essie came and said: "Please Lillie will you help me to learn my lesson? I cannot understand some of the words, and Miss Morton will be angry if I do not know it."

Lillie answered crossly:—"Oh, Essie, I wish you would not trouble me so, I can learn my lessons without troubling anyone else, so why cannot you? Besides, I want to read this story-book that cousin Mildred has lent me."

Lillie again turned to her book with which she soon appeared to be deeply engaged, and would not listen to Essie's entreaties. Just as the latter was turning sorrowfully away, their brother joined them, and seeing Essie's sad looks, asked what was the matter. He was told, and he soon dispersed the cloud which had gathered on his little sister's brow, by explaining her lesson, and assisting her to learn it.

The clock struck nine, and so Lillie was obliged to put down her story-book, and go with her sister to the school-room, where the governess was before them. During the morning, Lillie's pen fell from her idle fingers to the floor, the noise of which startled her from the dream into which she had fallen. She seemed to have forgotten her lessons, and to be thinking of nothing but the story book that she had been reading before school time. Miss Morton had to reprove her many times for her inattention.

In the afternoon, which was a holiday for the children, Lillie's mamma asked her to hem a handkerchief for her. Now Lillie was dressing a doll for Essie, and, if she had been an obedient little girl, she would gladly have left off the doll's frock, and gone to work for her mamma. But Lillie was dressing the doll for her own pleasure, and not to oblige her little sister. She began very reluctantly to hem the handkerchief, and had not hemmed an inch before she complained that she pricked her finger so with the fine needle, and the muslin was so stiff.

The doll's frock was much stiffer than the handkerchief, and Lillie managed not to prick her finger in sewing for the doll, and was vexed that she had to leave it off to hem the handkerchief for her mamma.

"Oh, mamma, I cannot be good; I meant to be good this morning, but everything went all wrong, and here she sobbed afresh. Her mamma answered gently:—

"I think it was my Lillie's actions that 'went all wrong.' Did she ask God to pardon her past sins, and to enable her, by the help of His Holy Spirit, to resist temptation for Jesus' sake?"

Lillie declared that she had said her prayers, but she owned that she had not thought of what she was saying—she had prayed only with her lips and not with her heart. Her mamma said:—

"I hope, dear Lillie, that you now see that in your own strength you can do nothing. But Jesus has said that—'Whosoever ye shall call the Father in my name, he will give it you.' He has also said, 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?'

Therefore, if you will humbly ask God, in faith, for his Holy Spirit to renew your heart and cleanse it from all sin, for sake of the Savior, you are assured by his words that he will grant your prayer. And always

remember this, my dear child, unless your resolutions are strengthened by the help of God, you will not be able to keep them; for the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. Remember, also, that He graciously promised to help those who ask Him in faith."

Little brothers can do much to cheer and comfort the hearts of little sisters, and, there cannot be a more lovely sight, than to see a family where a family take a real interest in each others welfare. The great thing we should aim at, should be to make others happy. But to be successful we must be careful to attend to little things; and we must be careful to do things cheerfully and in a kind spirit. Little boys and girls should always speak kindly and courteously to one another, kind words, smiling looks, and nice behavior are very cheap things. "Dear brother James I want to tell you something very nice—I know it will please you."

"What is it, dear sister, why, Jane and I went out this morning for a short walk, and we met Uncle William just as we crossed the creek. He was looking at some stones, and he had some flowers in his hand and he called us to him and told us that the valley of Ohio was once the bed of a large lake, and he said that the flowers should remind us of what we should be, that is, flowers of the church on earth, that we might become fit for the kingdom of God in heaven. He said that we might see the wisdom, goodness, and love of God in flowers, trees, stones, blades of grass and ears of wheat and corn. Uncle William is coming to the Sunday school some Sunday to tell us about flowers in the church."

OUR CHIP BASKET.

We once heard of a rich man who was badly injured by being run over. "It isn't the accident," said he, "that I mind; that isn't the thing, but the idea of being run over by an infernal will cart, makes me mad."

I say landlord, that's a dirty towel for a man to wipe on! Landlord with a look of amazement replied: "Well you're mighty particular. Sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on the towel this morning, and you are the first to find fault."

Inattention to the present business, be it what it will; the doing one thing, and thinking at the same time of another, or the attempting to do two things at once, are the never-failing signs of a little, frivolous mind.

The misfortunes that we bear with the greatest Christian resignation are those of other people.

The Bible is God's gospel.—A pure and lovely woman is His Eve-angel.

The human soul, like the autumn leaves, should brighten at the approach of Death.

Battles painted by artists are invariably drawn battles.

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying I will not forgive.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.

The first law of true morality is educate yourself, and the second, influence others by what you are.

It is a great point, and requires quite as much effort, to hide ignorance as to display knowledge.

Those who dare at first to think for themselves, will in the end make others think with them.

Perfect happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

Mothers! mourn not that your gems fall away when God is making up his jewels.

Those who fish for compliments, generally get a bite.

What man wants—all he can get. What woman wants—all she can't get.